

# My Gal Sue

by George Albert Leddy

As long as I live, I'll never forget, the night that I first met Sue.

I was roaming alone down a dingy street, with not very much to do.

I strolled in a dive, where the lights were low, and mingled there with the crowd;  
Where the liquor they drank was much too raw, and the music was much too loud.

The girls all talked with a sort of a twang, and laughed with a sort of a squeal;  
And the perfume they wore, from the ten-cent store, was a thing you could really feel;  
And the paint that they used, or really abused, would look pretty good on a barn;  
But they were nothing to me, and so you can see why—I didn't give a gol-darn.

'Til at last there came in, to that cheap den-of-sin, a girl—like an angel she were;  
And I saw how her face, sure looked out of place, and I said, "This is no place for her."  
Then I noticed the emblem, she wore on her cap, and I knew right away what to do.  
She's a Salvation Las, and she's out of her class—that's the first time that I met Sue.

Now Sue she goes out, with her cap on her head, and passes the tambourine 'round.  
She always looks neat, and smiles very sweet; she knows everybody in town.  
Now life is more cherry, she brings home the berrys, no more do I ever feel blue.  
You won't lose if you bet, that I'll never regret—the day that I married Sue.

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